

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
HENRY PETERSON,

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1861.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2144.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM:

TO EVERY TWO DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER, WHO PAYS IN ADVANCE FOR 1862, AND TO EVERY PERSON WHO GETS UP A CLUB FOR 1862, WILL BE GIVEN, OR SENT BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID BY US) A HANDSOME COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING STATES—FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	25.00
" " two years,	50.00
" " four "	75.00
Two copies, one year,	50.00
Four " "	75.00
Eight " "	100.00
Two " "	125.00
Twenty " "	150.00

We send a copy GRATIS to every person who sends a club of EIGHT, TEN or TWENTY subscribers. This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of every Club.

For \$2 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names of any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepare the United States postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES may be made in notes of any amount, Bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or three cent postage stamp, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer payment by mail in the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AS I PASSED UP THE STAIRS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I heard a soft voice singing low
Some rare old melody,
As I passed up the stairs one day,
But the song was not for me;
How clear and wild the notes rang out!
They soothed me unawares;
I longed to know the girl who sang
As I passed up the stairs.

Another time I shyly looked
When near the open door,
And wondered was the maiden there
The same who sang before;
She smiled and blushed at sight of me—
No sentiment or sigh—
Her heart leaped faster than its wont
As I passed up the stairs.

And strange to say it came to be
A most familiar thing,
To glance that way, perchance to hear
My charmer speak or sing.
It led me back to happier scenes,
It soothed my heaviest cares,
It made me long for wife and home,
As I passed up the stairs.

I could have sworn the light of heaven
Shone in her sweet blue eye;
I longed to prove my love by some
Bold act of chivalry.
I wrote her name on ledger-page,
I breathed it in my prayers;
And once I called it audibly,
As I passed up the stairs.

She came—and there I stood as shy
As any boy might be;
Perhaps she understood—I knew
My eyes plead eloquently;
I stammered something, so did she—
It won a wife—who cares?
And now I sold her go alone
When passing up the stairs.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST
LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRESS,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME TRUTHS FOR LIONEL.

Lionel Verner grew better. His naturally good constitution triumphed over the disease, and his sick soreness of mind lost somewhat of its sharpness. So long as he brooded in silence over his pain and his wrongs, there was little chance of the sting becoming much lighter; it was like the vulture preying upon its own vitals; but that season of silence was past. When once a deep grief can be spoken of, its great agony is gone. I think there is an old saying, or a proverb—"Grief loses themselves in telling," and a greater truth in Sibylla. Her whole business in the matter

was never uttered. The ice once broken, touching his feelings with regard to Sibylla, Lionel found comfort in making it his theme of conversation, of complaint, although his hearer and confidant was only Lucy Tempest. A strange comfort, but yet a natural one; as those who have suffered as Lionel did may be able to testify. At the time of the blow, when Sibylla deserted him with coolness so great, Lionel could have died, rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was

rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly;

If you gave yourself complete rest, not attempting to go out to work until you are stronger?"

"I couldn't afford it, sir. And, as to its being better for me, I don't see that. If I can work, sir, I'm better at work. I know it tires me, but I believe I get stronger the sooner for it. Mr. Jan, he says to me, says he, 'Don't lie by never, Grind, unless you be obliged to it; it only ruins the limbs.' And he ain't far out, sir. Folks gets more harm from idleness nor they do from work."

"Well, good day, friend," said Lionel, "and I heartily hope you'll soon be on your legs again. Lady Verner shall send you something more nourishing than bread while you are still suffering."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Grind. "My humble duty to my lady."

Lionel went out. "What a lesson for me!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "This poor, half-starved man struggling patiently onward through his sickness, while I, who had every luxury about me, spent my time in refining. What a lesson! Heaven help me to take it to my heart!"

He lifted his hat as he spoke, his feeling at the moment full of reverence; and went on to Frost's. "Where's Robin?" he asked of the wife.

"He's in the back room, sir," was the answer. "He's getting better fast. The old father, he have gone out a bit, a warming of himself in the sun."

She opened the door of a small back room as she spoke. But it proved to be empty. Robin was discovered in a garden, sitting on a bench; possibly to give himself a warming in the sun—as Mrs. Frost expressed it. He sat in a still attitude, his arms folded, his head bowed. Since the miserable occurrence touching Rachel, Robin Frost was a fearfully changed man, never, from the hour that the coroner's inquest was held and certain evidence had come out, had he been seen to smile. He had now been ill with a ague, like the Grind. Hearing the approach of footsteps, he turned his head, and rose when he saw it was Lionel.

"Well, Robin, how fare it? You are better, I hear. Sit yourself down; you are not strong enough to stand. What an enemy this low fever is! I wish we could root it out!"

"Many might be all the healthier for it, sir, if it could be done," was Robin's answer, spoken indifferently—as he nearly always spoke now. "As for me, I'm not far off being well again."

"They said in the village you were going to die, Robin, did they not?" continued Lionel. "You have cheated them, you see."

"They said it, some of 'em, sir, and thought it, too. Old father thought it. I'm not sure but Mr. Jan thought it. I didn't, had as I was," continued Robin, in a significant tone. "I had my oath to keep."

"Robin!"

"Sir, I have sworn—and you know I have sworn it—it is my revenge upon him that worked ill to Rachel. I can't die till that oath has been kept."

"There's a certain sentence, Robin, given us for our guide, amid many other such sentences, which runs somewhat after this fashion: 'Vengeance is mine,' quietly spoke Lionel. "Have you forgotten who it is says that?"

"Why did he—the villain—forget their sentences? Why did he forget 'em and harm her?" retorted Robin. "Sir, it's of no good for you to look at me in that way. I'll never be balked in this matter. Old father, now and again, tell talk about forgiveness, and when I say 'weren't you her father?' 'Ay,' he'll answer, 'but I've got one foot in the grave, Robin, and anger will not bring her back to life.' No, it won't," doggedly went on Robin. "It won't undo what was done, neither; but I'll take my oath—so far as it is in my power to keep it. Dead though he is, he shall be exposed to the world."

The words "dead though he is" aroused the attention of Lionel. "To whom do you allude, Robin?" he asked. "Have you obtained any fresh clue?"

"Not much of a fresh one," answered the man, with a strove upon the word "fresh." "I have had it this six or seven months. When they heard he was dead, then they could speak out and tell me their suspicion of him."

"Who could? What mystery are you talking?" retorted Lionel.

"Never mind who, sir. It was one that kept his mouth shut, as long as there was any good in his opening it. 'Not to make old blood,' was the excuse he gave me after I had had to know at the time," added the man, clutching his fist. "I'd have went out and killed him, if he had been double as far off."

"Robin, what have you heard?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. But I have not opened my lips to a living soul, not even to old father. The villain that did the harm to Rachel was John Massingbird."

Lionel remained silent from surprise.

"I don't believe it," he presently said, speaking emphatically. "Who has accused him?"

"Sir, I have said that I can't tell you. I passed my word not to do it. It was one that had cause to suspect him at the time. And he never told me—never told me until John Massingbird was dead."

Robin's voice rose to a sound of wailing pain, and he raised his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Did your informant know that it was John Massingbird?" Lionel gravely asked.

"He had not got what is called positive proof, such as might avail in a court of justice; but he was morally certain," replied Robin. "And so am I. I am only waiting for one thing, sir, to tell it out to all the world."

"And what's that?"

"The returning home of Luke Roy. There's not much doubt that he knows all about it; I have my reasons for saying so, and I'd like to be quite sure before I tell out the tale. Old Roy says Luke may be ex-

pected home by any ship as comes; he don't think he'll stop there, now John Massingbird's dead."

"Then, Robin, listen to me," returned Lionel. "I have no positive proof, any more than it appears your informant has; but I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that the guilty man was not John Massingbird. Understand me," he emphatically continued; "I have good and sufficient reason for saying this. Help upon it, whenever, it may have been, John Massingbird it was not."

Robin lifted his eyes to the face of Lionel.

"You say you don't know this, sir?"

"Not of actual proof. But so sure am I that it was not he, that I would stake all I possess upon it."

"Then, sir, you'd lose it," doggedly asserted Robin. "When the time comes that I choose to speak out—"

"What are you doing there?" burst forth Lionel, in a severely haughty tone.

It caused Robin to start from his seat.

In a gap of the hedge behind them, Lionel had caught sight of a human face, its steady eyes capriciously taking in every word. It was that of Roy the bullfinch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PACKET IN THE SHIRT-DRAWER.

Mrs. Tynn, the housekeeper at Verner's Pride, was holding one of those periodical visitations that she was pleased to call, when in familiar colloquy with her female assistants, a "rout out." It appeared to consist of turning a room and its contents topsy-turvy, and then putting them straight again. The chamber, this time subjected to the ordeal, was that of her late master, Mr. Verner. His drawers, closets, and other places consecrated to cloths, had not been meddled with since his death. Mrs. Verner, in some moment unusually (for her) given to sentiment, had told Tynn she should like to "go over his dear clothes" herself. Therefore Tynn left them alone for that purpose. Mrs. Verner, however, who loved her personal ease better than any earthly thing, and was more given to dropping off to sleep in her chair than ever, not only after dinner but all day long, never yet had ventured upon the task. Tynn suggested that she had better do it herself after all; and Mrs. Verner replied, perhaps she had. So Tynn set about it.

"I have told my mistress, sir, that I had found what I believed to be the codicil, and had took it off straight to you. She was not a bit angry: she says she hopes it is it." Lionel entered. Mrs. Verner, who was in a semi-sleepy state, having been roused up by Mary Tynn from a long nap after a plentiful luncheon, received Lionel graciously. First of all asking him what he would take—it was generally her chief question—and then inquiring what the codicil said.

"I have not opened it," replied Lionel. "She says she hopes it is it." Tynn laid it on the table beside her. "Have I your cordial approval to open it, Mrs. Verner?"

"You are ceremonious, Lionel. Open it at once. Verner's Pride belongs to you, more than to Fred; and you know I have always said so."

Lionel took up the deed. His finger was upon the seal when a thought crossed him: ought he to open it without further witness? He spoke his doubt aloud to Mrs. Verner.

"Ring the bell and have in Tynn," said she. "My wife also: she found it."

Lionel rang. Tynn and his wife both came in, in obedience to the request. Tynn looked at it curiously: and began rehearsing mentally a private lecture for his wife, for acting up to her own responsibility.

The seal was broken. The stiff writing-paper of the outer cover revealed a second cover of stiff writing paper precisely similar to the first; but on this last there was no superscription. It was tied round with fine white twine. Lionel cut it. Tynn and Mrs. Verner's eyes were opened wider than usual.

Alas for the hopes of Lionel! The parcel contained nothing but a glove, and a small piece of writing paper, folded once. Lionel unfolded it, and read the following lines:

"This glove has come into my possession. When I tell you that I know where it was found and how you lost it, you will not wonder at the shock the discovery has been to me. I bush it up, Lionel, for your late father's sake, as much as for that of the name of Tynn. I am about to seal it up that it may be given to you after my death; and you will then know why I disbarred you."

"S. V."

Lionel gazed on the lines like one in a dream. They were in the handwriting of his uncle. Understood them, he could not. He took up the glove, a thick, fawn-colored glove, and remembered it for one of his own. When he had lost it, or where he had lost it, he knew no more than did the table he was standing by. He had worn dozens of these gloves in the years gone by: up to the period when he had gone in mourning for John Massingbird, and, subsequently, for his uncle.

"How long you have been!" was her greeting, her glad eyes shining forth hopefully. "And it is all yours!"

Lionel drew her arm within his own in silence, and walked with her in silence till they reached the pillared entrance of the house. Then he spoke:

"You have not mentioned it, Lucy?"

"Of course I have not."

"Thank you. Let us both forget it. It was not the codicil. And Verner's Pride is not mine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REV. J. A. ANDERSON, chaplain of the Third Regiment California Volunteers, upon closing his Fourth of July oration at San Francisco, pronounced the following strange benediction:—

"And now may the God of Washington, the God of Foote, Haleck, McClellan, and Lincoln, nerve, guide, and urge this whole nation, till Richmond is taken, Charleston burnt, secession annihilated, and shop-shop Union men turned out of existence. Amen."

"All that puzzled me, was how it could have got into the shirt-drawer," cried Mrs. Tynn. "As it has turned out not to be the codicil, of course there's no mystery about that. It may have been lying there weeks and weeks before the master died."

Lionel signed to them to leave the room, or to care for the presence of Lucy Tempest. Mrs. Tynn told her tale, and handed the paper to Lionel. "It's the missing codicil, as sure as that we are here, sir."

He saw the official-looking nature of the document, its great seal, and the supercription in his uncle's handwriting. Lionel did not doubt that it was the codicil, and a streak of secret emotion arose to his pale cheek.

"You don't open it, sir?" said the woman, as feverishly impatient as if the good-fortune were her own.

"Sir, Lionel did not open it. In his high humor, he deemed that, before opening, it should be laid before Mrs. Verner. It had been found in her house; it concerned her son. "I think it will be better that Mrs.

Verner should open this, Tynn," he quietly said.

"You won't get me into a mess, sir, by bringing it out to you first?"

Lionel turned his honest eyes upon her smiling then. "Can't you trust me better than that? You have known me long enough."

"So I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my master died, u to the very day that the codicil was looks for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, or the key of it out of my pocket."

"I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare the for a good week before my

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LES MISÉRABLES. COSETTE. MARIE. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French by Mrs. E. Wilber. Carlton, Publisher, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Victor Hugo's new work is passing rapidly through its publication. The second and third parts named above have appeared in quick succession. It is hardly possible to accomplish anything like a suitable review of a work which passes over so much ground as does this, which we can well believe to have been twenty years in passing through its author's hands. Politics, national and worldwide; social reform, attempted or needed; religious tenets; the monastic system; crime, its prevention and punishment;—these are only part of the subjects touched upon or elaborately discussed in the course of these two volumes. As for the story itself, it rolls through these various realms of thought like a stream of burning lava. Those who objected to the simplicity of the plot of "Fantine" cannot find the same fault with "Cosette" and "Marius." From a simple parable of reform and regeneration, the history of Jean Valjean becomes dramatic, nay, melodramatic. The change from the Mayor's seat to the convict's bench at the galley, escape, pursuit, the efforts of the pursued to baffle the pursuer, ever following his track with the pertinacity of a blood-hound, hair-breadth 'scapes, deeds of generosity and devotion;—such is the tissue of the story which bears us on absorbed and fevered with its vividness and power. In these respects we hardly know anything to equal Book Eighth of "Marius"—the adventures of Jean Valjean in the den of the lowest and most pitiable of "Les Misérables," whither he has come on an errand of charity and beneficence.

The first book of "Cosette" is occupied with a description of the battle of Waterloo; such a description we believe as has never hitherto been written. It has hardly a thread of connection with the story, but is worthy a place of its own. The battle-ground, the plan of attack, the character of the opposing forces are described with clear detail. The commanders are pictured to us; "not enemies, but opposites. In Wellington, precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserves economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, war directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance, ancient classic courage, absolute correctness. In Napoleon, intuition, inspiration, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazed like the eagle and strikes like the thunderbolt; all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with destiny. The battle thickens, the English forces waver and fall back, then thunder forward that terrible charge of the French cuirassiers, which hurl itself on the immovable iron squares of the English in fantry, pierced with bayonets, swept with storms of grape-shot, charging again and again with razing, with superhuman but ineffectual bravery, till annihilated to the last man. The picture is terrible, lurid, vivid. To conclude:

"Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer no. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God."

"For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts was preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of the world had long been announced. It was time that this vast man should fall. The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium. This individual counted, of himself alone, more than the universe beside. These ploughs of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for it. Probably the principles and elements, upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as in the material depend, began to murmur. Breeding blood, over-crowded cemeteries, weeping mothers—these are formidable ploughs. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge, there are mysterious moanings from the depths which the Heavens hear."

"Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

"Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe."

A summing up of the whole drama. We could wish that Victor Hugo had left the subject there, not seeking to explain and expand it further.

The episode which describes the convert of the Bernadottes, of the Perpetual Adoration, and the snobbery consideration of the whole monastic system, is the most finished, the most carefully wrought, and in some respects the most interesting portion of this work. Like the subject of Waterloo, it is summed up, and, as it were, capped by an epigram.

"When we speak of converts, those seats of error, but of goodness, of mistaken views, but of good intentions, of ignorance, but of devotion, but of martyrdom, but we must nearly always have 'yes' and 'no' upon our lips."

"Now, as to whether the South had cause to complain of the North; or, whether the North ought to think hard of the South; that for the present, I leave. But as to the maintenance of the Union—" At this point the limit of human endurance among the lamposters was reached, and one of them distinctly announced that he "had to go home."

Whereupon a murmur of similar declarations immediately followed. "Must go?" cried the disappointed orator. "So soon? Well, I'll walk down street with you." So the voice soon died away in the distance, leaving me to reflect upon and marvel at the remarkable and unparalleled instance of that in which I have long put faith—our American patience.

M.

AMERICAN PATIENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who says that Americans are an impatient people? Who fixed upon us this character, as contrasted with the slow-going, much-enduring population of the Old World? I stand to maintain the contrary. Not to seek for the great examples of our patience and long suffering—not to count up the instances occurring in the Northern States during the political phases of the last twenty years—not even to dwell afresh upon the nation's silent waiting through the long weary months, when the "grand Army of the Potomac" lay before the threatening batteries of Manassas, and "all quiet on the Potomac" formed our morning, noon-day and evening fare—small examples in plenty meet us every day; from the galleries of the legislative halls at Washington, where voluntary martyrs sit hour after hour, submitting patiently, if not cheerfully, to be bored, to an extent never practiced among any other people of ordinary humanity—from our street cars, our "busses," and our lamp-post corners, where, to one or more hearers, a speaker expands his platitudes on the subject of our national troubles, repeating over and over the bald sayings already a thousand times stuffed in those patient ears, till wonder grows upon us that no frenzied sufferer is found to rise and revolt against the infliction.

I am not patient. I lay no claim to the mock virtue. When my next neighbor remarks that war matters are not going on so well as we could wish, and proceeds, with logical utterance and an evident conviction that he is stating an interesting and quite original opinion, to prove that General Hunter's measures are imprudent and premature, or that General McClellan's movements are not sufficiently vigorous and prompt, or some other such novel view, I rise, I gird up my vesture, I flee from before his face as from that of a roaring lion.

But last night I had an experience. The evening had been cool. I had left the outdoor twilight for the gas-light within. I had glanced over a political newspaper, run my view along our lines from the James river, whence report depicted the "Grand Army" on its backward course—to the Mississippi, where General Butler is being bothered with his contraband wood-choppers. Having accomplished this necessary but unpleasant task, I had refreshed myself with a slice of melon, and consigned myself to bed and to slumber. I was awakened from my first sleep by a peculiar sensation; a rasping, grating sense of suffering, which became stronger every moment, till the full sense of my situation burst upon me; I was being bored.

A lamp-post under my chamber window was, as usual, upheld by a group of those pillars of the state who commonly cluster themselves in such places, and from among them sounded a dreadful voice, sonorous, argumentative, slow, pausing between each sentence with the weight of oratorical talent.

"I can fully explain to you the nature of the draft," the voice was saying when I became fully conscious; "for, though not a native of this state (this state being what orators call the little but patriotic state of Delaware), I am a native of Pennsylvania, and understand these things; yes, I am a Pennsylvanian; a native of Pennsylvania; I was born there; my wife, she was born there, too; like me, she is a native of Pennsylvania." A groan escaped me here, as I thought of the possible propagation of the species of this terrible creature. But the tide flowed on.

"Now, the percentage of men to be drafted in my native state, Pennsylvania, is one in five. Here it may be more; it may be less; probably more"—confidential murmur from the group by the lamp-post. "More; you think more; very well; one in three and a half? very well. I am a native of Pennsylvania, and—" With an ejaculation of despair I turned over, stuffing the corner of the bolster into my upper ear. Vain attempt! short relief! The conclusion of the lecture on drafting pierced its way through feathers and linens. "If—the quota is not then filled, the draft is again put in operation; but this time—you'll see me now?—this time—supposing you have been drafted the first time—this time—you understand?—your names are not subject to be called upon—yes, sir; at the second counting you are omitted."

A short pause; yet not one of those sufferers took advantage of the moment's respite to "skedaddle." Could heroism and patience go farther than this?

"Now, as to this whole war," resumed this pitiless fiend in human shape, "I will give you my views upon the subject; what I felt, from the moment, that the first gun at Sumpter—"

An anguished plunge beneath the counterpane here gave me a temporary relief, but what could I do? like a whilst I had to emerge again to blow. Again it sounded.

"Now, as to whether the South had cause to complain of the North; or, whether the North ought to think hard of the South; that for the present, I leave. But as to the maintenance of the Union—" At this point the limit of human endurance among the lamposters was reached, and one of them distinctly announced that he "had to go home."

Whereupon a murmur of similar declarations immediately followed. "Must go?" cried the disappointed orator. "So soon? Well, I'll walk down street with you." So the voice soon died away in the distance, leaving me to reflect upon and marvel at the remarkable and unparalleled instance of that in which I have long put faith—our American patience.

M.

"Joseph! Joseph!" bawled a group of idle Parisians before a hack stand. "Here! here! here!" shouted twenty voices running up to catch the "fare." "Are you Joseph?" "Yes, sir, 'tis me!—the me!—Did your brother sell you into Egypt?" "Oh, no, sir." "Then you ain't the Joseph we want."

Either attempt not, or accomplish.

THE WAR.

BURNside's RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—MCCLELLAN'S ARMY AT ALEXANDRIA.

The *Philadelphia Press* of the 23d says:—We have highly important news from Gen. Pope's army of Virginia, but refrain from publishing anything that may be detrimental to the Government. From private letters received in this city, which have been brought to us with the request that their contents be published for the benefit of the people, we give the following items which are endorsed by our special correspondence to some extent; but as we deem it improper to publish details at present, we have decided it expedient to suppress our news letters, in accordance with the wishes of the War Department and Generals Halleck, McClellan, and Pope, hoping that, in a few days, we may be able to entirely relieve the public mind with both official and unofficial reports of events recently transpiring in Virginia. Gen. Pope has probably fallen back across the Rappahannock river, and makes that stream his line of defence. The enemy is said to be on the south bank of the river in great force, and he has made numerous strong, but ineffectual, attempts to cross, and, if possible, turn our right flank, at the same time making a demonstration upon our centre, with the intention of breaking through it. Such a disposition of our troops has been made that no fears are entertained that any further retreat will be necessary; on the other hand, we have the announcement by telegraph, that a large portion of the army of the Potomac has arrived at Alexandria, to reinforce the army of Virginia. Gen. McClellan has arrived with them, and it is believed has assumed command of the entire army of the Potomac. Fighting of a desultory and indecisive sort has been going on for several days past, and the enemy has not been repulsed at all points by our batteries, but without some loss of artillerymen and horses. Among the distinguished who we regret to record the name of the gallant Col. Coulter, of the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell nobly fighting at the head of his brave and war-worn regiment. All honor to his memory, and to the memory of the heroes that have fallen with him. God grant they may be few. During Thursday last, heavy firing was heard on the extreme left of our line; and this led to the belief that Burnside's corps, under command of Major Gen. J. R. Reno, of Pennsylvania, was giving the enemy a Roanoke Island demonstration, on a grand scale in an open field, and that the rebels in this attempt to turn our left flank would be handsomely repulsed, and our private advice above alluded to indicate as much. Gen. Pope is praised for great skill and activity exhibited by him in throwing forward reinforcements to all weak points, and it is said has had no rest for 72 hours. We are most happy to say that all of our affairs indicate a success of our arms at all points. Our troops are enthusiastic and in the very heat of spirits; always eager to meet the wily foe wherever he may present himself. It is evident that Richmond has been left almost bare of troops, and that the whole rebel army has been launched against the Army of Virginia, but before many hours we hope to record a brilliant and decisive Union victory in the grand battle which is now imminent, and it is thought that if General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

North relative to the method of entering the valley. No one has ever imagined that a rebel force could get in there, save by the conventional Stonewall route, via the Virginia Central Railroad, Staunton, etc. Bear in mind for a moment that another railroad, parallel with the one just named, runs from Richmond west to Lynchburg, etc., on a line south of the James river. We know that, some time since, the enemy threw a portion of his Richmond army south of the river—to attack Suffolk it was said. Suppose that force to have moved along the Southside Railroad, to have entered the valley at Salem, thence secretly to have marched down to Staunton, and now ready to co-operate in the joint movement by a dash for Harper's Ferry and upper Maryland. If the enemy in Virginia had been as numerous as some have claimed, he would assuredly have availed himself of this advantage. Fortunately, we have no news to confirm such fears.

Meanwhile the rebels, always eloquent of any separation of our forces, and swift to use their knowledge, seem to have permitted McClellan to move quietly off, in order to attack Pope's segregated column in force. They have made two grand mistakes, which we believe will prove fatal to their scheme. First, they do not know how long ago McClellan's evacuation commenced, and hence have not calculated on finding any of his army in their new path. Second, they have underrated our means of transportation—have made a great blunder in supposing that one-fourth the time will be needed for bringing the army of the Potomac up the river which was consumed in originally moving it down.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. Yet there is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. If not General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repelled, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hazing of artillery by half-starved horses, etc.—will have rendered it necessary for us to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As yet, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is outlandish. But of course men who do not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a master-hand at the helm. We are to day going through the sw

RECONCILIATION.

Do you remember how the sun—the setting sun—would sadly fall
In a warm glow of tender light, as now, upon the
garden wall,
Where peach, and plum, and jargonsine show
luminous in golden hue,
Embosomed deep in fairy cells of latticed leaves?
I do—I do!

Do you remember how we turned as the tired
sun sank down to rest,
And watched him fling his gorgeous robes about
the portals of the West,
Till the cloud-pillars rocked and flashed wild
splendors o'er the fields of blue—
And the wide gates of heaven were blocked with
disarray? I do—I do!

Do you remember how we stood in silence—our
hearts veiled and dim—
As from the hidden choirs rose many-voiced
their evening hymns;
And all the air was soft with balm, and all the
grass was bathed with dew—
And your sweet eyes were strangely moist, and
so were mine? I do—I do!

Do you remember how we passed with arms so
fondly interlocked—
Your hand lay thus within my grasp, and thus
my right was round your waist?
You kissed me then, and said that naught in the
wide world could part us two—
You said so then most earnestly. You recollect?
I do—I do!

Do you remember how the months have fled
away with rapid wing?
The summer past, and autumn waned, and winter
came. 'Tis now the spring—
The blessed spring, so full of hope that olden
time seems to renew
When first we met and promised love—you think
of it? I do—I do!

Do you remember how you wrote a letter stained
with many a tear,
Each word of which shocked through my heart,
and changed its joy to wondering fear—
And how you said that I was false, and trifled
where I should be true—
And you must take your love from me for ever—
more? I do—I do!

You meant it then. I stood misjudged. The
lying lips that came between
Can lie no more. You know their worth. You
read them false. Ah, then, my Queen,
Shall they prevail—those idle tales?—oh think of
what we both passed through,
And let the year entomb its grief and shroud its
woe? I do—I do!

Let all the past be past indeed. Hark to the
evening waves' glad tune
Upon the beach. Through heaven's heights up
rises slow the round orb'd moon;
So let our life be full of light! I touch your lips
as I used to—
You give yourself again, my dear? You seal it
thus? I do—I do!

MISS SIMMS;
OR, MY PROPOSAL.

The little girl was too charming to be resisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gravity and soberness that beamed my age. In vain I held up myself to myself as a person already within the verge of old foggydom. In vain I proponed and solved elaborate arithmetical problems as to the variable proportions which sixteen would assume to forty at advanced stages of life. I know that last sentence is not correctly expressed, but let it pass. Thus stood the case; Charlotte was sixteen and I forty, and I, more than double Lotty's age—almost old enough to be her respectable papa—I found myself irresistibly enslaved by that young person, and trotting captive at her chariot-wheels—or, more properly, the wheels of her infantine go-cart. I had nursed Lotty. She had ridden a cock-horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist lips when kissing was a ceremony performed rather for the sake of politeness to mamma than for any pleasantness in itself. I had made Lotty ill with surreptitious sugar-plums; I had presented her with Christmas-boxes of the most astonishing toys; I had assisted in the instilling of the alphabet into her youthful mind by means of highly colored pictures, in a painful state of alteration; I had begged Lotty out of the corner, where she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with a general humidity of countenance. I had thought Lotty a dirty child when I saw her paddling with her little fat hands in a puddle, or with traces of lollipops about her innocent mouth. I had excreted Lotty as a nuisance and a bore when she would peep her pug nose into my flirtation with Miss Mirabilis (who married afterwards Lord Methuselah). And at last, it had come to this! We had changed places. I was the child now, and Miss Lotty was mistress over me, and she knew it. She threw me a sugar-plum when she so pleased; she taught me a letter of some sweet syllabiles when she had nothing better to do; she patronized me, and began to take an interest in my temper and morals; she petted me when she lacked amusement, and when she was otherwise engaged gave me to understand in the plainest manner that I was a consummate bore, and an unmitigated nuisance—that I was.

Miss Lotty knew all about it. In vain I tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in my face at the transparent absurdity of the pretence. In vain I affected indifference. She exacted attention, and would not be snubbed. She flirted with small boys for the express purpose of vexing me, and knew that I was vexed, and knew that she knew it.

In what manner, or at what precise time she left of being a child, and began to be a woman I do not know. She passed out of the nursery by no sensible transition and took to her Muses quite naturally. Juliet of the house of Capulet, brought out by her provident mother at the age of fourteen, did not assume her new honors with a more perfunctory air.

This, then, was the state of the case. I, who had outgrown all my youthful heartlessness, who prided myself on being safe henceforth from the subtlest fascinations of

the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands of a little girl just out of the nursery. Having struggled in vain, I succumbed, and began to think seriously whether sixteen and forty were, after all, such incompatible ages. It was not quite a case of January and May. If I had been sixty, and a lord, there would have been nothing unusual in the notion. If I had been a widower, and possessed of a daughter a little older than Lotty, the match would have been perfectly *en repte*. The difference was on the right side. It was not as bad as if I had married my first love, who was forty when I was sixteen.

Let still the woman take
An elder that herself, so wears she to him,
So sways the level in her husband's heart.

So I ceased to compare myself with the small boys with whom Lotty flirted. I turned a blind eye on the budding obesity of my figure, and began to consider the matter as an accomplished fact.

Miss Lotty had an aunt—a very respectable person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the name of this lady, and Miss Simms and I had always been great friends. She was a gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and given to the study of the minor poets of the last generation. We had often exchanged sympathies, had often discoursed together on the affections after a diluted Platonic manner, and she was accustomed to apply to me for explanations of namby-pamby passages of her favorite poets.

Miss Simms occupied that place in the family which maiden aunts so often fill. To make things generally pleasant, to be a general go-between, the friend of everybody, the deliverer of messages, the arranger of the delicate amenities of social life—such was Miss Simms's mission.

Her age was certainly verging towards fifty. She was well-preserved; had expressive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely. I had a great friendship for her. The idea struck me that I would make her my confidant with regard to Lotty. She was the very person for a confidant. I could not, for the life of me, have broken the subject to papa or mamma. Lotty was a child to them still, and I felt that it would scarcely have seemed more ridiculous to them for me to confess a tender passion for the infant in long clothes than to hint the state of my heart towards Lotty. I had determined to make some move, and the aunt appeared to me the very medium through whom to make it. The familiar friend of Lotty, whom that little maiden confessed all her innocent secrets—the companion and fellow counsellor of Lotty's parents—this aunt was the confidant I wanted.

But, beyond this, I felt sure that the state of the case had not altogether escaped the sympathetic penetration of Miss Simms. That faint smile of hers, that wistful look in her fine eyes, a playful shake of the head sometimes, the pressure of a kind hand—these signs had not been lost upon me. Often, when my eyes had been following against their will the graceful, buoyant figure of Lotty, recalled, they would meet the eyes of Miss Simms; and as I smiled and half blushed at being thus caught, Miss Simms would smile and half blush likewise. Often, when I had been leaning over Lotty at her book, admiring the downward contour of the soft cheek, or the luxuriance of the glossy hair, lifting my eyes, they would again meet Miss Simms's eye, and Miss Simms would turn her head away with an expression of countenance which spoke volumes. Once, when I was shaking Miss Simms's hand on departure, I could not restrain myself from whispering "Quelle est charmante?" Why I spoke in French I cannot tell. Miss Simms's knowledge of that language was imperfect, while Lotty's exceeded my own—so that it could not have been an aside from Lotty. But such French sentences are generally spoken without there being any satisfactory reason why they should not be uttered in English. However, to my exclamation, Miss Simms had rejoined, "Hush!" with an upraised bony finger, and an arch smile.

In breaking the matter to Lotty's aunt, then, I did not anticipate very much difficulty. She certainly had observed my admiration of her niece; and even had it been otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind, estimable woman would have interpreted my meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some music for Lotty. Lotty and her mamma were going forth on the business of card-leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lotty said:

"You will finish my music?" And she made the prettiest beseeching *mauvaise*, and lifted up her face, just as when a child she had lifted it up to be kissed. "We shall soon be back, and you can stay to dinner. You must stay to dinner. The evenings are so dull and stupid, and then you can sing that duet with me. Now, go back and finish the music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poetry, you know, till I come back."

Yes, Miss Lotty, I had that very intention of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the theme.

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-copying. I made a crocheted—Miss Simms, I said—then two semiquavers and a rest, then three blank bars—

"My heart—"

"Dear me," cried Miss Simms.

"My heart, my dear Miss Simms, may be of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture." (I had screwed myself up to the mark, and chose my language with deliberation.) "It may be soft, I say, but, upon my soul, I do not think it is. I think no man, the most insensate, could have seen daily, as I have seen, this sweet girl" (con molto spirito) "and

have resisted her attractions. It does not lie within the power of human nature to resist them.

I was silent for a few minutes, and steadily continued my copying. I had determined to discuss the subject in the calmest and most reasonable manner. I confess the dots were scarcely circular, and the strokes scarce straight, but I completed a most prodigious series of running notes *ad libitum* before recommended. I dared not look at Miss Simms.

"That there is disparity in age I cannot deny. Some people would call it a great disparity."

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms, with some warmth.

"Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised at that tone. But I feel that I must bring this into prominence, and consider it judicially. I am not a young man. I cannot hide it from myself, even if I would—I am no longer young. Perhaps I have an appearance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual years. I entreat you not to forget that point—it is a point that we must fully grasp—ad I wish to impress it on your mind that I have thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every possible argument into the scale that opposes me. This is but just."

"I think enough has been said on that part of the subject," Miss Simms interrupted me. "You lay too much stress on this point and must be laboring, I think, under some strange misconception. After all, what does age matter—a few months more or less? It is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sympathy of affections, the reciprocity of idea the congenality of sentiments."

"It is like you to say so," I exclaimed. "I appreciate your kindness. We are old friends, Miss Simms—"

"Friends of long standing," Miss Simms agreed, correctively.

"Friends of long standing. I knew that you would understand me. I felt that you were the best person, the only person, to whom I could first break this delicate subject. I knew that you would meet me half-way."

"Oh! do not say that," sighed Lotty's aunt.

"You have seen the truth for some time," I went on. "In your eyes, in your smiles, I have read that you had discovered my secret. Woman's insight, the sympathy of a gentle nature—who can dispise such secrets from these? And now, be frank with me. I crave to you in my perplexity. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. My tongue is timid. Help me—advise me!"

"Maidenly propriety!" she said, in a low tone.

"Exactly so. Your good sense and instinctive feeling of what is right prompts these words. I anticipated this. But, my dear Miss Simms, I do not wish to make you a conspirator with me. There shall be no concoction. I ask you to confess none to me. All I ask is that, as a friend, you will tell me whether there is any chance for me. You are everybody's friend—do not deprive me alone of your help."

"Really, I do not know what to say," Miss Simms whispered, in a voice greatly agitated.

I had all along persevered in my music-copying. I knew that I was making the most astounding blunders, but that was of little consequence. If I left off this accompaniment I felt that my voice would break down, too.

"My dear Miss Simms," I went on, "I know that your present hesitation proceeds from the best of motives. Do not think I am flattering you, when I say that to your influence I attribute much of the exquisite purity of your charming niece."

This was not quite true, but I saw that a compliment would be well-timed.

"She is a good child," said Miss Simms.

"I see," I continued, "in your present hesitation, precisely that delicacy of decorum which has guarded so constantly the opening leaves of that sweet flower. Ah! what a delightful occupation! To a heart so sensitive as yours, what a labor of love! To watch the birth of new beauties and virtues from day to day—to tend, to foster—to—to—in short—to find, as it were, your own sensibilities reproduced and sprung up—like—like objective personifications under your incubative care." I was pleased with the sentence, and paused in order that the words might take due effect upon her.

"I, too," I went on, "have not been blind to this gradual change, to those unfolding beauties. We are old friends, we have known each other many years. You can forgive—nay, you will sympathize with the warmth of my expressions. This gradual growth of love—what a mystery it is! 'He never loved that loved not at first sight,' says the poet. What a libel upon human nature, worthy of the gross lips that uttered it! True love is always gradual. The first indifference burgeons into liking flowers into friendship, fruits into love. We know not where indifference ends and love begins. Ah! my dear Miss Simms, &c., &c., &c."

This sort of thing may be continued ad libitum through as many pages as my reader pleases. In the heat of my oratory I flung aside my pen, and strode to the fireplace by which Miss Simms was sitting. My oratory must have been moving. Miss Simms was in tears when I next came to a pause.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by her side.

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "And there is hope for me!"

"What can I say? Do not press me."

"I trust you. Say at least there is not despair."

"No, do not despair," she said. "I do not wish that."

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss Simms spoke first.

"You will speak to my brother?" she said, covering her face with her hand.

"Certainly. That is my intention, if you tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?"

Miss Simms looked at me between the fingers of that hand covered her face.

"Yes," she said. "I think you may."

I deliberated.

"My dear Miss Simms," I said. "I can never sufficiently repay the kindness—the sympathy, the great sympathy—you have shown to me to day. I am going to take advantage of this sympathy!"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms.

"Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking advantage of the people who are kind to you. I am going to ask a still greater favor of you. Will you break this matter to your brother? Will you hint my feelings

WRITTEN IN SAND.

By the Author of the "Morals of Mayfair."

I.

The thymy western wind swept warm
Down all the slopes of the silent shore;
The light was fading fast; and my arm
Held the woman whom I adore.

II.

She has a stately Juno-face
Who has promis'd to stoop to be my wife;
A calm, unflinching voice, and the grace
That comes with knowledge of life.

III.

And as she look'd on the dark'ning sea,
And as I look'd in her eyes divine,
"You may write on the sand," she said to me,
"The name that will soon be mine."

IV.

The night was warm, and the honey-breath
Of her rich red lips was on my cheek;
But across me there swoon'd the coldness of
death,
And my tongue refused to speak.

V.

For full on my heart, with a sudden rush,
There fell the waves of a distant shore;
And before me there rose the delicate blush
Of a cheek that shall blush no more.

VI.

And all the wealth of my present bliss,
The stately Juno-face at my side,
The half-crescent, half-careless kiss
Of her who shall be my bride,—

VII.

Pass'd into darkness—and we stood,
My love and I, by the little bay,
Shelter'd over with ilex-wood,
In the dying April day.

VIII.

And as I read her eyes' soft shame,
And as I held her trembling hand,
Slowly I wrote again a name
That was never writ, save in sand!

IX.

"Ah, not for me!" said a childlike voice;
"That hope is all too high for me.
I am not worthy to be your choice:
Blot it away, oh, sea!"

X.

And, as the tide rose high, a wave,
Sudden and cold, swept the sweet name over;
And then I rememb'r'd a far-off grave,
And that I had forgot to love her.
* * * * *

XI.

But still, wherever we walk'd that night,
My bride and I, through the twilight gray,
Written in letters distinct and white,
Two words before me lay.

XII.

And not for thrice her father's land,
And not for thrice the charms of my bride,
Could I have written a name i' the sand,
Save the name of her who died.

AMERICAN PRACTICE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

"There's a chance for you, doctor!" said Captain Acland very good-naturedly.

The words were spoken on the poop of the *Fair Imogen*, and from Liverpool, in the harbor of Alatamaha Sound, Georgia, U. S., on a sweltering summer's day. We were standing together beside the wheel, we three, as great a contrast to one another in appearance and manner as is often presented by any trio living. There was the captain, short, bluff, and broad, the very model of a British seaman, with his brick-red cheek, and the frank but keen blue eye, that had seen its way through so much of dirty weather and awkward work. There was Mr. Millett, the rich landowner, who wanted my services, a tall, thin, dignified personage enough, with a handsome and intellectual set of features, rather too finely cut, perhaps, and marred by an irresolute expression about the mouth. There was myself, a young doctor, very poor, and very shabby, but blessed with excellent health and spirits, and a robust constitution.Two words will explain how I came to be surgeon of the *Fair Imogen*, and why it was

so good-natured of her commander to speak as I did with reference to Mr. Millett's proposition.

I had a real taste for my profession, and had passed my examinations with tolerable credit, but, in an evil hour, I was caught into investing what little money I possessed, all that my poor father could leave me, in the purchase of an "eligible practice."

The practice was guaranteed, on the solemn assurance of a most venerable and plausible member of our healing art, to be worth five hundred a year. It may have been thus profitable to himself; since I afterwards understood that he had traded in it successfully for four or five years, constantly parting with it to novices, and buying it back for an old song, in person or by proxy, when the novices were disgusted; but the venture ruined me, and I went out to America, hoping to retrieve my fortunes. As yet I had not found the New World an El Dorado, and I had been thankful when Captain Acland, whose son had been a schoolfellow of mine in Westmoreland, our native county, had engaged my services as surgeon of the brig. The *Fair Imogen* was a vessel of but moderate tonnage, or she could not have got into the anchorage of Alatamaha Sound, and craft of her size seldom carry a doctor. But she was employed in very unhealthy climates, chiefly coasting the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and plying among the West India Islands; and, as salary was easily arranged in my case, the captain and I had soon come to an arrangement. Still, it was good-natured of Captain Acland to be ready to release me from my bargain the moment a brighter prospect seemed to open before me. I did not say much—we Englishmen are awkward in such

matters—but my eyes filled as I caught the old seaman's hand and gave it a grateful squeeze.

"Tell you what," said the captain; "the best thing you can do, Mr. Ellis, is to run down below, and pack your traps. Jump into this gentleman's canoe, and go ashore with him. It shan't be said that John Acland stood in any chap's light, least of all a schoolmate of his son's; and so God bless you, had, and if ever you want a free passage home to England, why, the *Fair Imogen* is heartily at your service."

I went on shore. My "traps," as the kind old skipper had called them, were not very weighty: a medicine-chest, two or three instrument cases, a portmanteau, and hatbox, made up the sum of my effects; and the negro boatman grinned rather contemptuously as they handed these modest belongings in and out of the canoe. But I will say for Mr. Millett that his bearing was perfectly polite, and free from patronage, although I was a mere aspirant, with forty dollars for my entire capital, and he one of the richest proprietors in his county. "I take on myself to say, sir, you will not regret your decision," said my new client in his grave sententious way, as the canoe danced over the little blue waves, and as I waved my straw-hat in return for the farewell wave of good Captain Acland's cap: "you will find, sir, that talent is not unrecognized, nor merit unrewarded, in the South—no, and I venture to affirm, Mr. Ellis, that you will enjoy the peaceful pleasures of a home at Briary Bush, and—"

"Hilloah! whoop! Colonel Millett! I've been riding up the creek-side in hopes I'd happen in upon you. I want to know if you'll trade for right-down useful workers. My overseer says that patch by Hemlock Knoll is clean wore out, and I'm overnigged!" cried a loud and sonorous voice; and looking round, I saw that we were close to the quay, and that a horseman had reined in his strong bay mare close to the weed-increased steps. He was a tall young man, with long dark hair, and the air of a provincial rake; his clothes were of good cut and material, and he had lacquered boots and a great deal of jewelry, contrasting oddly with a palm-leaf hat and a heavy slapping whip of twisted cowhide.

"You know, Mr. Cook, I leave these matters to my overseer," said Colonel, or Mr. Millett in reply, and with a dryness in his tone which showed anything but pleasure in the conversation, or affection for the person addressed. Mr. Cook, whose dark face was overclouded in a moment, ground out an oath between his teeth, and struck his mare so as to make her plunge and rear.

"Hang it, Jeff Millett, you needn't be so stiff and pokerish with a man," grumbled he in a half-fierce half-disconsolate tone: "our fathers were friends, I reckon, though you never speak to me except in that infernal keep-your-distance manner you learned in Europe. If you were in trouble, now, I'd behave differently to your way of doing it."

By this time we were on the quay, the luggage handed out, the canoe-men paid, and a cart driven by a negro, as well as two saddle-horses, led by a mounted mulatto groom, was approaching. Mr. Millett shook his head reproachfully. "You're a short memory, Mr. Cook," said he; "you have appealed to my old intimacy with your father more than once, and not in vain, as you know. But I am afraid no aid that a neighbor can extend will ever be enough to—However, I have no right to preach—you are old enough to be your own monitor. If you like to dine with us to-morrow—"

"Smart as a snapping turtle! I'm your man," interrupted Cook with a more gleeful air. "I know my way pretty well to Briary Bush. But I say, Colonel, how's Miss Cary?"

"My daughter is as usual, I thank you," said my host very coldly, and as if annoyed at the familiar mention of his child's name from those lips. "This sultry season has been a trying one to all invalids. Does your mother bear it well?"

Mr. Cook rejoined with amiable frankness, that he would be scalped if he knew. He hadn't been over to Darien-town these two months; and we parted. This young man had not inquired who I was, or whether I were bound or not for Mr. Millett's house, but he had eyed me over with undignified curiosity, not unmixed with scorn; and it struck me that as he nodded in farewell to my companion, he bestowed on me a scowl that indicated anything but approval or sympathy.

We were mounted by this time, Mr. Millett on his favorite chestnut back, and I on a Virginia-bred brown horse; while the colored groom, who was simply clad in black broadcloth, as republican principles demand, jumped upon his piebald pony. It is taken for granted in America that everybody can ride; first-rate horsemen, except among the Southern land-owners and the dweller in the country can sit a quiet horse. Either the brown nag from Briary Bush was not a quiet horse, or he had been chased by the delay, for, before I was settled in the saddle he began to caper and curve, and finally to bolt forward like a cannon-ball ejected from its deadly tube. "Mr. Ellis, hold him tight, sir! pray, sir, do!" cried Mr. Millett in his high shrill voice. I heard his good advice, but like some other good advice, it was easier to give than to take. For a hundred yards or so, I could as easily have checked a railway train as have curbed the rush of the fiery brute. Then, to be sure, I got him in hand, mastered him somehow, and rode back rejoicing.

"Very good, Mr. Ellis," said my—what shall I call him, client? or employer?—"I congratulate you on getting the better of brown Rupert, always a fidgety beast with a strange rider. Thrasylus, you inattentive boy, this is your fault, for not bringing out the old gray as I bade you." And the master shook his gold-headed whip, half angrily, half playfully at the groom.

"Not my fault, sir, mas'r, not 'Sybulus's

fault at all. Dat stupid black chap, du coochman Aaron, he say: 'Ole gray top at home, take physic; too much gallop last Monday, 'Sybulus take Rupert to fresh Britisher.' So you see, Mas'r Colone!"

"There, that will do," said the master; and we rode on amid the rice-swamps, where the ripe grain was all but ready for the sickle of the mower, in one of the rides which she sometimes took with her father and myself. Then, indeed, a flush of healthy color would glow in her wan cheek, and her eyes would shine, and her drooping form dilate into genial promise: she was like one transfigured for the time. I did not commit the folly of falling in love with my patient. To me, Caroline Millett was merely something to be studied, to be saved, to be snatched back from the jaws of the grave, if human skill and care could do it. That her frail thread of life was wearing out day by day, very gradually and certainly, was undoubtedly; I could see, small as my experience had been in the affairs of the youthful of her sex. Mr. Millett a most affectionate father, could see it too, and it wrung his heart cruelly at times, as his eye dwelt upon her with a yearning and an apprehension in it that he vainly strove to hide. I did what I could, I gave much care and forethought to the case; and there were moments when I thought I—nor nature and youth—must prove victorious over the unnatural progress of the decline. I prescribed remedies from the pharmacopoeia, not with much reliance that drugs could meet the exigencies of such a case, but because I felt it my duty to leave nothing untried. Meanwhile, exercise, regimen, the cheerful society of persons of her own age, were what I recommended for Caroline, and Mr. Millett, hastened to comply.

The pony was now in continual requisition, and we rode almost every day. There were parties given in pursuance of my advice; Briary Bush opened its doors, again, and again, to the notables of the county, and then followed a shoal of invitations in return, so that the round of gaiety was continuous. In this I had had a design beyond the ostensible one of amusing the lonely heiress. Little as I knew of women, I had conjectured that a helpless attachment might be at the root of the mischief. Caroline was very young, certainly, but sixteen in Georgia is often reckoned as a marriageable age; Miss Millett might have bestowed her heart on some of whom her parents did not or would not approve, and hence her illness. But in vain did I watch Caroline at every fresh dance or dinner, best, as she generally was, by numbers of admirers, anxious to win favor with the well-dressed daughter of Colonel Millett. Her eye did not brighten or sink, abashed, her cheek did not blush, as the young dandies of the state paid her their interested admiration, and she was evidently so perfectly fancy-free that I was obliged to give up my hypothesis. But if she distinguished none by any preference, she had certainly an aversion to one person, in which I cordially agreed with her: this person was Mr. Cook, the young man whom I had seen on first landing from the brig, and who had dined at Briary Bush on the following day. His dilapidated estate lay within four or five miles of the thriving lands of my entertainer, whose next heir-at-law he would be, although but a distant cousin, should Mr. Millett survive his two children. Louis Cook had received many services, and much good advice, from his kinsman; and he had accepted the former, and spurned the latter, after the habitual custom of the *Follett* of three months ago, and reclining on a sofa, over which a mosquito curtain had been artfully suspended. The daughter was a pale, delicate girl of about sixteen, with a regular, almost Grecian set of features, and was simply attired in plain white muslin, straining her eyes over a book. At her I looked with more interest than at her lady-mother, for it was on her account that I was to be domiciled for a while at Briary Bush. Caroline Millett was of a very frail constitution, even judging by an American standard; and had she been an only child, she could not have been more tenderly loved or fondly cared for. There were but two children, indeed, to inherit Mr. Millett's very handsome property, and he had never made any secret of his intention to divide the inheritance equally between Washington, his only son, and his sister Caroline. This was enough to attract a swarm of suitors, more or less actuated by mercenary motives, to Briary Bush; and as, in the South, marriages take place almost as early as in the corresponding latitudes of the Old World, Mr. Millett could easily have found a dozen eligible husbands for his heiress. Caroline was young, however, and her extreme delicacy of health rendered her parents unwilling to part with her. Her father, in especial, was more and more anxious about her as she grew up, like a flower, indeed, but a colorless and drooping one. It was his idea that the poor girl, often ailing, and always feeble, would benefit by the presence of a doctor in the house, and hence he had resolved on engaging the exclusive services of a resident medical adviser. There was no lack of doctors in Georgia; but too many of them were either impudent quacks, the refuse of northern cities, or whiskey-drinking ruffians, who had forgotten the major part of the little lore Philadelphia or Boston had taught them. Mr. Millett had a prejudice in favor of European science and steadiness; and a cure or two which I had the good fortune to perform while the bride lay in harbor, and when my skill, such as it was, was in frequent demand among the settlers on that unhealthy coast, had come to his ears. The large salary he offered was a temptation not easily to be resisted. Captain Acland waived his claims; and thus it was that I became a member of the Briary Bush household.

I found Mrs. Millett a selfish fine lady, a transatlantic copy of the fine ladies she had probably associated with in Paris and Florence. She was polite to me, in a chilly way, but she kept me at a awful distance, never suffering me to forget that I was the plebeian young doctor, she the leader of a section among the Upper Ten Thousand. Mrs. Millett was not heartless, though, after all, for she respected her husband, loved Caroline, and idolized her son. This son was away—at West Point, indeed, where he was qualifying at the military school for a commission in the army of the United States—but he was very shortly expected home for a brief sojourn.

Caroline was a clever, well-dispositioned girl, with that inordinate love for study which often belongs to those whose lives are not destined to last long in the world. Her large blue eyes had an almost startling look of inquiry, her seldom spoke except to ask a question, and her taste for reading was such as to surprise me, who had not been much used to such patients. In vain did her mother chide, in vain did Mr. Millett remonstrate in his mild way; a book, of one kind or another, was hardly out of Caroline's hand. She was very pale, slight, and fragile; her hands were as white as if they had been modelled in alabaster, and very thin and slender too; her cheek

was all colorless, and there were dark circles round her fine eyes.

She was fair; she looked almost beautiful, now and then; as when I had persuaded her to send me a portion of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, or when she allowed her spirited pony to gallop under the arching boughs of the forest, in one of the rides which she sometimes took with her father and myself. Then, indeed, a flush of healthy color would glow in her wan cheek, and her eyes would shine, and her drooping form dilate into genial promise: she was like one transfigured for the time. I did not commit the folly of falling in love with my patient. To me, Caroline Millett was merely something to be studied, to be saved, to be snatched back from the jaws of the grave, if human skill and care could do it. That her frail thread of life was wearing out day by day, very gradually and certainly, was undoubtedly; I could see, small as my experience had been in the affairs of the youthful of her sex. Mr. Millett a most affectionate father, could see it too, and it wrung his heart cruelly at times, as his eye dwelt upon her with a yearning and an apprehension in it that he vainly strove to hide. I did what I could, I gave much care and forethought to the case; and there were moments when I thought I—nor nature and youth—must prove victorious over the unnatural progress of the decline. I prescribed remedies from the pharmacopoeia, not with much reliance that drugs could meet the exigencies of such a case, but because I felt it my duty to leave nothing untried. Meanwhile, exercise, regimen, the cheerful society of persons of her own age, were what I recommended for Caroline, and Mr. Millett, hastened to comply.

I had been taking a stroll through the twilight forest, alone, partly for the sake of collecting moths and other nocturnal insects which leave their haunts as the shades of night fall upon the woodlands of that southern latitude, when I missed my way. Although not much given to musing, I had somehow fallen into a reverie, and my mind was far away among the green English meadows and leafy English orchards. Suddenly I stopped and started, as the melancholy cry of the "Willy-come-go bird" sounded plaintively from a live oak on my right hand. I looked round me, and saw that I strayed from the path, and that I was in a small clearing which I had never before seen, and where the low mounds that rose like earthen hillocks above the soil proclaimed it an Indian burial-place. Several great trees must have been cut down, and their very roots burned away by fire, but this was long ago. The tribe that had laid its dead there was gone utterly and forever. No hand had stirred the soil for many a year, and the grass grew thick and long there. Ringing this desolate space was a belt of dark cypress and swamp myrtle, with the long, gray beards of the Spanish moss drooping in wild luxuriance from every bough. There were some dense thickets, too, where the laurel, the hickory, the pine-vine, and the wild grape-wine grew and interlaced their tough stems and tendrils, and among the branches I caught the gleam of a thousand fairy lamps, those of the firefly and fire-beetle. A more dreary spot I never saw; and yet there were people there, talking together in stealthy, cautious tones.

"Hist!" said a voice that jarred unpleasantly on my ear—"hist! didn't you hear something?"

"No," answered a second voice, in harsh but impressive accents, which might have been those of either a woman or a man, but which, once heard, were not easily forgotten. "No; mama fancy him hear. Mama hear him own heart beat, p'raps. Ole Zanna hear nothing, but Zanna not 'fraid."

"Curse you, you old ebony-colored hog, do you dare to say I am afraid, then?" was the fierce rejoinder, spoken in loud, incantatory tones, and I heard the speaker stamp his heavy foot upon the rotten twigs that lay beneath his tread. The old woman laughed, not with any pleasant merriment, but with a shrill, witch-like cackling, that sounded weird and awful in that lonely place.

"Ha! ha!" she said in a slow, chuckling tone, "de fine buckra gentlemen must not be angry with poor ole black woman. Zanna laff to think Massa Louis fancy some one here after dark—here, where de slaves sooner cut off um hand, and put stump in de fire, than dare to come—here, where de red warrior keep guard over um grave—here, where felch live in Ohi hut, and black man tremble when he think of Burnt Clearing."

"Well, well, aunt; may be you're right; and the place is lonesome-enough," returned the male speaker, with a slight shudder: "but so much the better for talk like ours. After all, aunt, you're not the wise woman you pretend to be, or why could you not conquer the silly whims of that pulsing, yellow-haired girl? Had she married me, as the first scheme was, I'd have been content with half the estate, and taken my chance that young Washington would have been polished off by Indians, or fever on the frontier, to get the rest."

"Zanna can do much, not all," answered the old negro, for although I could catch no glimpse of the speakers, sheltered as they were by the huge boughs of a hoary cypress tree, I could have no doubt of the age and color of the latter... Zanna try. Spirit high, and Zanna lose. Young missis hate you, for all you such fine, handsome gentleman, Massa Louis. So best let her die out of way."

I felt my blood run cold. Eavesdropping is not to my taste, but now I would have given the world to hear more; this, however, was not to be. The pair of conspirators, for such they evidently were, moved away from the cypress, and walked slowly through the thickets, till the sound of their voices died away in indistinct murmurings. My brain was in a whirl. That some dastardly and wicked plot, menacing the life of my patient, Caroline Millett, if not of her brother also, was in progress, I could not doubt. I had recognized the voice of Mr. Cook, albeit it had a new and strange intensity of tone, due to excitement, and besides, the negro had twice called him "Massa Louis." The reason which should make Louis Cook a ruined and unscrupulous profligate, desirous of the death of those who stood between himself and the inheritance of Briary Bush estate, were plain enough. But I hesitated to believe that this man, reckless as he was, could be a villain of a

ing, and verberation. The household, which almost wholly consisted of negro men and women born and bred under Mr. Millett's roof, had gathered round their young master on his quitting the presence of his parents and sister, and bade fair to bear him to pieces in their eagerness to be recalled to memory.

"Mad's number me—Juba, dat always carry you gun?" cried one black lad.

"My Washington, you not know me, sir! Me little Polly dat gave de sugar-plums to before you go north," exclaimed a sable child, now grown out of knowledge.

"Young master not forgot um old nurse?" said a fat, good-humored creature, fairly basking in her former charge's regard with familiar affection.

"Must remember Sophy—de cook! Sophy dat make de puddings and pies, and grubbed up my blues, and stewed terrapins so beautiful!" cried that important functionary, her sable face glowing with grease and delight.

"I recollect you all. I've often thought of you when I was far away; and I'm right glad to see your honest faces, old and young, my friends," said Washington, very heartily. He was kind to them all, and they all seemed to feel proud and fond of him; and I looked down with amusement and satisfaction from my place at the ear-head, when I suddenly heard the young man inquire for "Aunt Anne." It is used to call all black matrons by this family title, and already had Washington shaken hands with a dozen or so among the crowd; but when "Aunt Anne" was mentioned, a sort of chill seemed to fall on the hearers.

"Not dead, is she?" asked Washington. "No; I see by your face she is not. Is she as great a favorite with my sister, Miss Caroline, as ever?"

"Isa, Massa Washington," replied the servants; but it was with bated breath and a subdued demeanor. Their eyes no longer shone forth in happy smiles; for some reason or other, the name of "Aunt Anne" had made them all as grave as judges.

Washington took no notice of this, but nodded gayly, and ran lightly upstairs, and the assembly broke up. I, too, walked away, with fresh food for thought. Who was this Aunt Anne, this strange invisible crone, whose name was like a dash of cold water on the exuberant spirits of her merry thoughtless race? I had never heard of her before, and yet it seemed she was a favorite of Caroline's. She could be no ordinary person, to be the awe which she evidently inspired among the colored folks; and I began to think that it might be by her agency that Zanna, the Obi woman, counted on getting access to Caroline's presence for the furtherance of her fatal designs. Resolved to clear this up, I went to the library, where I found Caroline alone, poring over the contents of a box of new books, fresh from Europe. The unsuspecting girl readily answered my questions. "Who was Aunt Anne?" Oh, the dearest old thing. She belonged once to Mr. Cook, papa's cousin, you know, the father of Mr. Louis, and was sold away at his death. She is a sort of housekeeper at Briary Bush, wonderfully clever for a negro. All the other servants are afraid of her, and treat her as if she were a princess. She can do surprising cures, when any of the people are bitten by snakes, or catch ague in the swamps."

"Indeed," said I. "Then she is probably much attached to the family?"

Caroline said: "Yes, she was. So fond and thoughtful. But you'd never believe it if Mr. Ellis, when they first brought her from Africa, she was quite wild and dangerous; at least so I have heard, though now she goes to meeting regularly."

"Ah, she is an African-born black then," said I, more and more interested. "I have heard that they usually acquire great influence over your creole servants. But there is no slave trade now with the states."

Caroline said that Aunt Anne had been forty years in America. She was quite an old woman. Her two sons had been negro babies when she was brought from the coast to Savannah slave mart, and she had not been separated from them—more lucky than many poor creatures. I asked if they were on the estate. "No," said Caroline sadly, "they both turned out very badly. They were not good men, though papa was very indulgent to them. They were forgiven again and again, until they were obliged to be punished. Then one of them ran away, and lived wild in the woods, and was hunted with dogs and shot. Oh, dear, it was shocking and sad; but they said he set such a bad example to the old hands."

"And the other?" persisted I.

The other, Caroline said, had committed many faults, and had been at last "sold up" to a Louisiana planter, and was shipped away in chains. "We pitied poor Aunt Anne so, but we never shed a tear, poor thing. She is a very remarkable woman."

"So I should think," said I. "I should like very much to see her."

Caroline laughed, and said she "would introduce me some day." She could not, of course, divine my reasons for coveting the interview. I sought with the clever housekeeper. But next morning at the breakfast-table, I found Mrs. Millett peevish, and Washington and his father sad and serious. I soon learned the cause: Caroline was very ill, and unable to leave her bed. "My dear Mr. Ellis, how pale you look," exclaimed my entertainer, as this sudden announcement blanched my cheek. He little guessed what a ghastly few had come on me as I thought of the conversation I had overheard. I was presently called to the bedside of my patient. She was very pale and weak, and our eyes were dim and sunken, but she was not, as far as I could see, in any immediate danger. The symptoms were those of low fever. Her maid, a comely brown lass, was sobbing in the dressing-room, but the most prominent figure in the room was Aunt Anne, a little withered negro, with snow-white hair, the

wrinkled face of a baboon, and eyes as bright and lively as glow-worms in the dark; she was bustling actively, yet noiselessly, to and fro among phyle bottles and cordials, here adjusting a pillow, there drawing a curtain, evidently an invaluable nurse in any sickness. Mrs. Millett spoke to her. She answered, "Oh, that harsh, strong voice; however subdued, it was not to be forgotten—the voice of the she-piplot in the cypress grove, the voice of the Obi woman, Zanna's voice."

Zanna—Aunt Anne—phew! what a dolt I was not to have noticed the similarity before. Yes, there could not be a doubt that the cruel wife, the black murderer, was before me, Caroline's trusted attendant, watchful at Caroline's sick-bed as a snake that waits to strike its prey.

I hastily wrote a prescription, and left the room. I am sure that Mrs. Millett, now fairly aroused by a sense of her child's danger, thought me very rude and negligent. My thoughts seemed, in that emergency, to be greater than was commonly the case. To go to Mr. Millett, with his numerous relatives and weak but elegant nature, I felt to be useless; I therefore went straight to young Washington Millett, and without circumlocution, told him all I knew and all I feared. He was greatly shocked and startled; his sister's prill disengaged him deeply, but he showed a good sense and self-command beyond his years. I have heard of these Obi wizards before, Mr. Ellis," said he, "though such masters are generally hidden up among the planters. I never expected, I own, to find such treachery under my father's roof. He has been so kind to the blacks, foolishly kind, some think. But that woman's wretched sons were severely dealt with by the Vigilance Committee, who took their chastisement quite out of my father's hands. What do you think she meant by her mysterious allusions to her own efforts to make poor Cary in love with that scoundrel Cook, and the resistance of Cary's spirit?"

"I have heard," answered I dubiously, "that those Obi people can gain great authority over the wills of others, especially of the young and feeble, by whispering in the ear of their victims during sleep."

Young Millett interrupted me with a stamp and a fierce exclamation.

"That old Mr. Ellis," he cried, "I could believe that old Mr. Ellis had been beat'n all hollow last night. What else could have put into my head—m'm—th' infernal thought—ah! I'll confess it to you, Mr. Ellis—the idea of robbing my father!"

"Or robbing your father?" I began to fear the young man's excitement had affected his brain.

Washington went on, more calmly: "Yes; it must have been her counsel, or that of the Fidell in person. Who else could have murdered in my sleeping car that there were nineteen thousand dollars in the tortoise-shell cabinet in my father's dressing room? Who else could have told me the drawer was where they were locked, and have urged on me, not only to rob, but to conceal the plunder in a sp' minute indasted?"

"Ah, I'll confess it, what sp'?"

"A hollow cypress-tree," answered Washington, "close to a dissolve opening in the woods called Burnt Clearing. I have not been there since I was a child, nor did I ever notice the tree designated, but I seem now to have its bearings most forcibly impressed upon my memory."

"Burnt Clearing," said I, "why, that is the very place where this dev'l's hut is built. I have very little doubt that your wild guess is right, and that the wicked old creature has really been trying to coerce your will into committing a crime, of which she would well know how to reap the profit. But listen to me. I have an idea that there is one way, and one only, in which we can save the lamb from the jaguar."

Our consultation was long, but before it ended, Washington was quite of my way of thinking, and had entered, heart and soul, into the plan. We mounted two of the best horses in the stable, and rode rapidly off to the town, where we had a protracted interview with Major March and Dr. Abel Clashman, two leading members of the permanent Vigilance Committee. We talked long; some difficulties were in our way, but when we parted, the doctor said, "Well, gentlemen, it's ugly; but if it can be kept out of the臺灣 newspaper, we won't be slack about it. At eleven, sharp!"

"Sharp," said we, and we parted with our new allies.

We rode back as swiftly as possible, and thus sallied off in fact together, in a secret expedition. We returned after dark, and found that dinner had long been kept waiting for us; that Mrs. Millett was vexed, and Mr. Millett displeased. But we excused ourselves on the plea of a fray against the plump red-birds, the orioles of the Southern states, which had led us so far astray. Cook was there, as we expected; indeed, he had been in favor lately; had invited himself to dinner, and had been pressed, with Georgian hospitality, to accept a bad example to the old hands."

"And the other?" persisted I.

The other, Caroline said, had excommunicated many slaves, and had been at last "sold up" to a Louisiana planter, and was shipped away in chains. "We pitied poor Aunt Anne so, but we never shed a tear, poor thing. She is a very remarkable woman."

"So I should think," said I. "I should like very much to see her."

Caroline laughed, and said she "would introduce me some day." She could not, of course, divine my reasons for coveting the interview. I sought with the clever housekeeper. But next morning at the breakfast-table, I found Mrs. Millett peevish, and Washington and his father sad and serious. I soon learned the cause: Caroline was very ill, and unable to leave her bed. "My dear Mr. Ellis, how pale you look," exclaimed my entertainer, as this sudden announcement blanched my cheek.

He little guessed what a ghastly few had come on me as I thought of the conversation I had overheard. I was presently called to the bedside of my patient. She was very pale and weak, and our eyes were dim and sunken, but she was not, as far as I could see, in any immediate danger. The symptoms were those of low fever. Her maid, a comely brown lass, was sobbing in the dressing-room, but the most prominent figure in the room was Aunt Anne, a little withered negro, with snow-white hair, the

wrinkled face of a baboon, and eyes as bright and lively as glow-worms in the dark; she was bustling actively, yet noiselessly, to and fro among phyle bottles and cordials, here adjusting a pillow, there drawing a curtain, evidently an invaluable nurse in any sickness. Mrs. Millett spoke to her. She answered, "Oh, that harsh, strong voice; however subdued, it was not to be forgotten—the voice of the she-piplot in the cypress grove, the voice of the Obi woman, Zanna's voice."

"Die!" she said in a hissing whisper—"die, white girl—pretty missy, die! die! As she did so, the curtains of the bed rattled back on their rods, and flew open, while a broadsheet glare of light, as if a large quantity of spirit of wine had been suddenly kindled, filled the room. But the old woman did not flee; she stood rooted to the ground, her eyeballs staring, her hands outstretched, staring with stupefied terror on the bed and on its occupant. Uttering a yell of horror that rang through the house, "The fetch! the fetch!" she fell grovelling, face downwards, on the floor; and there sat the grim idol, its lead composed of the gory skull, the ox-oxide wrapping its fantastic limbs—there, in all its tawdry filth and hideous foulness, was the frightful thing before which cowering negroes, deep in the forest, had laid the offerings demanded by fraud from fear and superstition. But most impostors deceive themselves as well as others. In this case, the punishment was complete. All the household, half dressed, and bearing lights, came hurrying at the sound of that direful scream, breaking from guilty lips, moved by a guilty, tortured conscience. With the rest came Louis Cook: he started back, pale and confused, as he saw the ghastly image, and Washington and myself lifting from the floor the writhing figure of the witch. Just then, a heavy tramp of booted feet was heard, and several of the Vigilance Committee entered, armed to the teeth.

"You are my prisoner, sir!" said Major March, putting his hand on Cook's shoulder, and the bully and duellist was taken as meekly as a lamb. The old woman was also secured; but no one had the presence of mind to deprive her of the phial of poison, distilled by her, which was concealed about her person, and she drank it, and died in convulsions. Before expiring, she confessed her crimes, and their motive, which was partly revenge, partly a desire to buy the freedom of her younger son. Cook refused to confess. The committee were averse to inflict death on a white man on such scanty evidence; but the wrench was forced to sell his property, and was driven with ignominy from the state. He joined Walker's filibusters, and perished miserably in Nicaragua. Caroline recovered, and is married to a gentleman of Virginia; Washington Millett is one of General _____'s staff, and I am a West-end doctor, not overburdened with practice, and very much at the reader's service.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Begin at once, and put up in quart tins, to be forwarded at intervals, (for if sent in large quantities at a time, they will be wasted or two lavishly used,) pickled cucumber and cabbage. Onions are represented

by physiologists to be among the most wholesome and nutritious of all the vegetable products, besides their immediately invigorating and enlivening effects. If a gallon of onions could be sent to each soldier, once a month, in addition to a quart of pickled cucumbers or cabbage, scurvy, already beginning to manifest itself, would be unknown. And if it could be felt how grateful a quart tin can of preserved berries, tomatoes, or fruits, would be to a soldier who does not see such things preserved or fresh, sometimes for months together, their sisters, and mothers, and cousins, and wives would spare no little pains to prepare a good supply for months to come, and would begin to send them on the instant.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

AN INAPPROPRIATE TRACT.
The following anecdote is related at the hospital in Nashville. A soldier whose legs had been carried away above the knee by a cannon-ball, and who had been long a patient in the hospital, one day, while sitting up in bed, asked the nurse: "When will those tract distributors be around again?" "To-day," said she. "When they come I would like something to read," he added. A colporteur came in the afternoon and made a hasty distribution of tracts, giving one to each bed without stopping to read the titles or to see to the fitness of the selection. The poor fellow who had lost his legs received a little four page message, and began to read with great eagerness. The nurse, noticing his interest, stole up behind him to see the subject of the tract, when, to her astonishment, she read the following title: "The Evil Effects of Modern Dancing." Repressing her laughter, she said to the man: "That tract is hardly suited to your condition." "Well, madam," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I think my dancing days are about over."

THE NEW CURRENCY.

The manufacturers of postage currency have begun to deliver the bills to Assistant Treasurer Cisco, in New York, and will continue to deliver them at the rate of \$7,000 worth a day. The bills are about a quarter as large as treasury notes, and are of four denominations: five, twenty-five, and fifty cents respectively.

They are to be issued in sheets of twenty for the five and tens, and in sheets of twenty-five and fifty; performed, like postage stamps, so as to be easily separable. All are formed of five and ten cent stamps, the five and tens each consisting of a single stamp with a large circle on each side containing the Roman numerals V. or X. in geometrical framework. The twenty-fives and fifties respectively.

They are to be issued in sheets of twenty-five and fifty; performed, like postage stamps, so as to be easily separable. All are formed of five and ten cent stamps, the five and tens each consisting of a single stamp with a large circle on each side containing the Roman numerals V. or X. in geometrical framework. The twenty-fives and fifties respectively.

The ground-work of the five and twenty-fives is yellow to prevent photographing, which would be easy with the brown stamp alone. The green of the tens and fifties is not readily susceptible of photographing. Of the daily issue 20,000 bills will be \$5, 30,000 twenty-fives, and 32,000 fifties, and 32,000 fifties.

Mr. Cisco will at once forward them to Washington, whence they will be distributed among the Assistant Treasurers under such regulations as the Treasury Department may prescribe. They will be getting into circulation probably before the end of the week. The 1's and 2's, (small notes) like the larger denominations, are "green backs," and all down to the five cent note, bear the endorsement of the Government upon their backs, of either being legal tenders, or redeemable by Government agents, or depositaries. They are to be issued in sheets of twenty-five and fifty; performed, like postage stamps, so as to be easily separable. All are formed of five and ten cent stamps, the five and tens each consisting of a single stamp with a large circle on each side containing the Roman numerals V. or X. in geometrical framework. The twenty-fives and fifties respectively.

Gen. Hunter would have been personally liable for any rations furnished to an unauthorized regiment. It seems that the War Department would neither accept nor reject the regiment—but maintained an absolute and non-committal silence upon the subject. Wherefore the moment Gen. Hunter heard that the President had refused to accept the services of negro regiments at the North, he disbanded his regiment.

THE NEW LEVIES.—The new levies are moving forward with rapidity. Indiana has sent fourteen thousand within the last four days; Ohio is pushing forward here as quickly as possible; New York is sending them at the rate of one or two regiments a day, by different routes, to Washington and Pennsylvania, we know, is doing her duty nobly. The troops as fast as they arrive at Washington are sent over the river. Many of them go to the support of Pope's army, but how many the Government very properly keeps to itself. The work of recruiting appears to be going on as fast as the Government could wish—faster than it can clasp and arm the troops in some of the states. The efforts should not relax in the least. The crisis of the rebellion has been reached.

SOLDIERS CARED FOR.

Out of one thousand soldiers, one hundred and four are sick; this is the constant proportion, as reported by the Sanitary Commission. The autumn always increases the number, by reason of the hot days and cool nights, causing diarrhoea and dysentery, of every shade and degree. One yard and a half of stout woolen flannel, fourteen inches broad, worn from August to November, tightly and constantly around the abdomen, in such a way that it will be double in front, with bits of tape strongly sewed on one end, and about one yard from the other, according to the size of the person, for convenience of tying, would do more toward preventing bowel-complaints among our brave and self-denying soldiers, than all known human means besides. This simple device arrested the onset of cholera, in three days, in one of the largest divisions of the Prussian army, when the terrible scourge last visited Europe. Let every family who has a member in the army, forward such an article on the instant of reading this; if you can do no better, send an old worn petticoat, for by reason of its softness and pliability, it is better than anything else. Let every mother who reads this, and who may have no son or other relative bravely battling for the perpetuity of our glorious Union, send one abdominal bandage, to be given to some worthy soldier who has no mother, no sister, no wife, to exercise these kindly cares for him. And let the generous rich, of whom there are so many among us—the Astors, the Aspinwalls, the Minturns, the Stuart Brothers, and those like them—be assured that it is impossible to spend an equal amount of money as efficiently, in any other way. One man who has been in the army twelve months is worth two raw recruits; hence one dollar's worth of good woolen flannel for one of them, or even an old petticoat, by keeping such soldier healthy in the field, will be worth more than the fifty dollars bounty paid for the two recruits, under the present exigencies of the case.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. HUGHES

And Secretary Seward.

The following correspondence between Francis W. Hughes, Esq., Chairman of the Pennsylvania Democratic State Central Committee, and Secretary Seward, will be read with interest:—

LETTER OF MR. HUGHES.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF PA., PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 11, 1862.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State: Dear Sir:—With some hesitation, I take the liberty of enclosing to you three documents, viz.: The Address of the Democratic State Central Committee of this state; an Address this day issued by myself, as Chairman, and the form of a call for a great mass meeting, about to be held in this city.

Allow me to say that the address of the Committee has been much assailed by leading and influential journals, conducted by those who claim to be your political friends. The denunciation has been so decided as to pronounce it *unreasonable*. Whether or not it is treasonable, you can best determine if you read it. It is lengthy and may take up too much of your time, but the address issued by myself, this day, is comparatively short, and as it states positions sufficiently to determine the character of the former, it will relieve you of labor if you will read the latter.

As the address of the Committee as well as that by myself, as Chairman, are both from my own pen, I should bear the greater part of whatever reproof should attach to their publication. Still, allow me to assure you that they contain the sentiments of not less than three hundred thousand of the men of Pennsylvania, and I believe of over one million men in the central states. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. I will add, too, that I believe there is no other million of men in the whole country of more devoted patriotism and loyalty.

I will add, too, that I believe this million of men will, amid political changes, remain patriotic and loyal. If you will read one or both of the enclosed addresses, and, if in connection with the facts I have stated in regard to their supporters, it will stimulate you or serve you in any degree to promote a policy on the part of the Administration of President Lincoln to put down the demon of Abolitionism, my sole object in addressing you this (perhaps presumptuous) note, shall be more abundantly obtained. At all events, rest assured that I address you with the profound respect due your high personal and official character.

F. W. HUGHES.

RESPONSE OF SECRETARY SEWARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, I.

August 19th, 1862.

To F. W. Hughes, Esq., headquarters of the Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.—Dear Sir:—I have the honor of receiving your letter of the 14th instant, together with the three papers to which it refers, two of them being appeals written by yourself, and addressed to the Democratic State Central Committee “to the Democrats and all other friends of the Constitution in Pennsylvania,” and the other being a call for a mass meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, the objects of which meeting will be “to express a firm purpose to stand by the maintenance of the National Constitution with devotion to the National Union, and, further, “to declare hostility to the policy and measures of all who seek to prostitute the country to the purposes of Abolitionism, and formally to express the intention of the Democratic party to do as it has always hitherto done, namely, to support the Federal Government in the exercise of its Constitutional power, and to defend it, at whatever peril, against the insidious and treacherous teachings of Abolitionists.”

You tell me that some influential journals, conducted by political friends of mine, consider one of these papers as treasonable, and that the others are conceived in the same spirit with the one which is so harshly judged. You desire me to read them and weigh them for myself. You further intimate a hope that the perusal of the papers will have the effect of producing exertions on my part to induce the President to favor a policy to put down the demon of Abolitionism.

I have read the documents thus submitted to me, with a high respect for the authority by which they were issued, and with a full confidence in the sincerity of the devotion to the Union in which, as their author, you have avowed.

You will allow me to say that this nation is now engaged, not in a political canvass between opposing parties about questions of civil administration, but in a civil war, carried on by opposing armies on an issue of national life or death.

Commander Porter says he took advantage of her presenting a weak point toward him, and loaded with incendiary shells. After his first discharge of this projectile a gush of fire came out of her side, and from that moment was discovered that she was on fire, which he continued his exertions to prevent from being extinguished.

They backed her ashore and made a line fast, which soon burnt, and she swung off into the river, where she continued to burn until she blew up with a tremendous explosion, thus ending the career of the last ironclad ram of the Mississippi. There were many persons on the banks of the river witnessing the fight, in which they anticipated a triumph for Secession; but on the return of the ram, not a soul was to be seen.

One nation, like an individual, can only think effectively at one time. It cannot wisely turn aside from the chase of the fearful demon of Disunion, to pursue any inferior demon, whether imaginary or real.

I think that the wranglings which occurred among the Crusaders about their respective creeds, when they sat down to the siege of Jerusalem, were just as rational and just as wise as disputes about Abortion would now be in the Army of the Potomac in front of Richmond. What is untrue in the camp at such a moment cannot be wise in the Cabinet or in the assemblies of the people.

I am occupied here either in mediating between different parties and jealous sects, or else in watching and countering the intrigues of traitors in Europe. But I sometimes think that, if instead of being charged with these duties, I, instead of being, as you seem to be, to serve the country in my own way, I could make an appeal to Democrats and Republicans, Abolitionists and slaveholders in behalf of our distracted country, that would bring the whole people at once under arms, and send treason reeling back into the den of darkness from whence it sprung. I do not know how this would be, but I do know that if I were in your place I should try. I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant, *

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

HOW THEY LIVE.—A letter from one of Wilson's Zouaves at Pensacola says they are sleeping in luxurious spring beds, and upon pillows of the softest down, upon which the fair daughters of Secession have been wont to close their languid eyes. The Zouaves lounge upon carved sofas, survey themselves through splendid mirrors, and revel in the rich libraries for “books to read.” They stalk upon verandas, and pluck oranges and lemons in gardens scented by magnolias and oleanders, a plenty of stray chickens, geese, ducks, pigs, etc., yet remains, and fresh beef in abundance. Verily, the Zouaves are in clover.

THE HARVEST IN ENGLAND is said to be a good average yield. In this country it is a very fine one on the whole.

STATEMENTS FROM A REBEL SOURCE.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer*—a “conservative” paper—recently contained the following “special dispatch” from Washington. How said correspondent got his advice from Gen. Lee is not stated. The statements are “important, if true.”

Special Dispatches to the *Inquirer*.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16. We learn from Richmond, through General Lee himself, that the *whole effect* of the rebels when the assault was made upon our right wing at Mechanicsville was but 72,000.

From the first to the eighth of August they received from the South and Southwest thirty-eight thousand new troops, *well-armed* and *armed*. They now have about one hundred and fifty thousand effective, but many of them are fresh troops.

Lee considers them better than ours, because there is no compromise! no surrender; each one being impelled by an intense hatred of the whole North that can never be diffused. Lee entertains no hope of reaching Pennsylvania, but does expect to take Washington. The idea of an invasion of the whole North is still kept up through the army. All their wrath is now vented upon Pope; McClellan seems to no longer occupy their attention. Jeff Davis boasts that he will carry out his threat upon Pope's officers, and seems buoyant and confident of success. He considers Richmond as safe for them as we do Washington. It has never been evacuated since a commotion there in April, when it was *entirely unprotected*.

General Lee says they have plenty of arms and ammunition, so that he has a million pounds of bacon in one warehouse in Richmond, and laughs at the idea of starving them out. He says if we had followed them last March, when they retreated from Manassas, they would have had to surrender or starve, as they were nearly out of ammunition, and had none of any account for the artillery; now they have no difficulty in running the blockade.

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

A returned prisoner recently sent from Baltimore with \$2,000 of gold lace upon his person.

No hopes have been entertained of the mediation or armed intervention by England or France since the arrival of the steamer on the sixth of August, and they are denounced as freely now as the “Yankees.”

Jeff. Davis says Lincoln dare not draft that he can get no more volunteers, and that the opposition to the party in power will prevent a draft by force if necessary.

The New York papers and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* are received as regularly as the day comes.

NEWS ITEMS.

JAMES P. ROBINSON has been inaugurated Governor of Kentucky in place of Magoffin. Robinson is said to be a very strong Unionist, in which Magoffin was not.

By a recent act of the New Hampshire Legislature, introduced by Mr. Conant, of Portsmouth, one sewing machine belonging to a debtor, or his family, is exempted from attachment on mesne process, or levy on execution.

In London there is now an average of one thousand one hundred and fifteen deaths per week, and one thousand seven hundred and fifty births. Of the births nine hundred are boys, and over eight hundred girls.

A piece of land was recently sold in London at the rate of £1,000,000 per acre—sufficient to cover it with silver equal to half a dollar in thickness.

The exports of domestic produce from New York continue on a very large scale; for the last three weeks the aggregate is nearly £1,000,000 dollars. Last week the amount was £2,000,000, against £1,000,000 in the corresponding weeks of 1860 and 1861.

Wool is now higher than it has been for forty-four years. This is owing to the large demand for army goods, and to the advanced price of cotton. It will not soon fall so low again as it has been of late years; and we shall be surprised if the stocks upon all our hills are not greatly increased.

BRIADIGER GENERAL STONE RELEASED.—

It is announced that Brigadier General Charles P. Stone, who has been long confined in Fort Lafayette, has been released, and is now with his family in New York. The circumstances of his arrest led the public to believe that he was a traitor scarcely less than Arnold. At the trial it was determined that he had been without cause to be imprisoned.

W. H. Seward.—He who makes bread scarce and dearer to the laborer, commits an offence against the very sacredness of man, persecuting him in the flesh, his blood and his bones.

“BILLY” said one apprentice to another, “my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss ain't always round his shop interfering with his own business.”

“W. H. Seward.”

“I am, sir, your obedient servant,

LETTER FROM SECRETARY SEWARD ON IMMIGRATION.

[From the *Cincinnati Gazette*.]

The following is a reply to a letter written from this city to Secretary Seward. It explains itself:

“DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

“WASHINGTON, August 14, 1862.

“JONES W. GAMBLE, Esq., Cincinnati:

“Sir—I have received your letter, in which you express an apprehension of a deficiency of labor in the country, resulting from our large military operations; and you very properly speak of the distribution, under present circumstances, of an increase of immigration. You observe, in this connection, that it would be important that persons proposing to emigrate should have some official assurance that they would not

Wit and Humor.

AN INDIGNANT LANDLORD.

A short time ago one of our citizens, who loves his jokes as well as folks generally do, had occasion to visit one of the small towns in the interior, and knowing that he would have considerable walking over muddy roads, he took with him a pair of long rubber boots.

He arrived at his destination about nine o'clock in the evening, and upon inquiry found that the only tavern in the place was half a mile from the station. No conveyance was to be had, and the road was muddy in the extreme. Congratulating himself on having his long boots, he set off, and found the mud in some places so deep that his boots were barely long enough. He reached the hotel at last, looking rather soiled about the feet. After supper he inquired the charge of the lodgings.

"We usually charge," said the landlord, "two shillings; but if a man goes to bed with such boots as them on (pointing to his customer's feet) we charge him four shillings."

"A very good idea, I should think," returned the traveller.

After about half an hour's conversation, the landlord showed him to his room, and they parted for the night, mutually pleased with each other.

The next morning our friend arose late, and inquiring for the landlord, learned that he had gone from home to attend to some business. After breakfast he handed eight shillings to the landlord's wife, saying—

"There is four shillings for my supper and breakfast, and four shillings for my lodging."

"Two shillings is all we charge for lodging," said the landlady.

"Yes," returned the stranger, "under ordinary circumstances; but in this case four shillings is not too much."

The stranger departed, and the landlady was deep in conjecture as to what could be the circumstances which required a man to pay double price for his lodging. When her husband returned, he asked—

"Has the man who slept in the front room come down yet?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "and he has gone away. He paid four shillings for his lodging, and said, under the circumstances, it was right."

The landlord rushed up-stairs. His wife followed to learn the meaning of such strange proceedings, and found her husband with the bed-clothes turned down, and her best bed to king more fit to plant potatoes in, than it did for any human being to sleep in.

"You saw that man when he came here last night?"

"Yes."

"You saw his boots, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the landlord, "the scamp slept in 'em!"

A few days after, the traveller, on his return home, put up at the same tavern.

Neither himself nor the landlord said anything about the boots, which were in about the same condition as on the previous occasion; but the landlady looked daggers at him, and eyed his boots with much anxiety. About ten o'clock he said he would retire.

"And, by the way, landlord," he said with a merry twinkle of his eye, "what do you usually charge for lodging?"

"We charge," answered the landlord, with a tremendous emphasis, "two shillings, and we don't allow folks to sleep in bed with their boots on."

"I'm glad to hear it. Show me to my room." And the traveller went to bed.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.—A worthy citizen, standing behind a barricade, during the insurrection of 1848, in Berlin, said to his right-hand file, a tailor—

"Just see how I'll knock that guard-officer over."

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" was the agitated reply, "he owes me three hundred dollars."

As a pendant to this, the *Athenaeum* cites a fact that occurred in Paris after the February revolution. A person whom Sir Robert Peel would probably call a manikin Marat, entered a club, ascended the tribune, and shouted, savagely—

"President, I demand ten thousand heads."

"No, no," a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "I am a hatter."

A HINT.—"Why, Pete, you've got back from Dobbs's early; isn't Ruth to him?" inquired a Yankee girl of her awkward brother, who had been a courting about half an hour before.

"Yaa, she was that; but I and the old man didn't agree very well, so he gin me a hint . . . I left."

"A hint? pray what sort of a hint?"

"Well, he opened the door and pointed down toward our house, and then kinder raised his right foot so though he was going to kick, and I felt so ashamed of such conduct before Ruth, that I started off without saying another word."

VERY POOR.—A trifling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a huff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being "a poor young man," etc. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I know all about it; but you ish a little too poor—you has neither money nor character."

"Why do you drive such a miserable looking carriage as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a trader to an Irish car driver. "A heavier coat of flesh? By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

The army swore terribly in Flanders! said my Uncle Toby, and probably in no case is an army wholly free from this vice. My paternal grandfather was in the army of the Revolution, in rank a captain, and was personally acquainted with the celebrated Polish General, Kosciusko. In a skirmish with the enemy, on one occasion, the General could not make his men obey properly the orders he gave them; whether they would not, or whether they did not understand his broken English does not appear, but he became very angry, and railed and swore at them most terribly in his own tongue, of which they understood not a word, and consequently it made no impression. Seeing this, the General suddenly turned his horse and rode furiously up to my grandfather, saying, "Captain G——, do come and curse them in English!" The old gentleman did not say whether or no he complied with the General's request.

Another incident my grandfather often related, of which he was a witness. It was on an oppressively warm June morning that he, in company with a brother officer of the Continental army, Captain Pope, were journeying on horseback across the state of New Jersey, on their way to Massachusetts, on a furiously rough, when they were hailed every now and then by the farmers on the way, to inquire for news from the army, telegraphs and railroads not being then in use. They passed a barn on the side of the road in which they saw a man swinging a flax. Seeing the travellers call out to the barn in front of the barn, calling after them to hear the news. The officers rode up to the barn and communicated whatever of news they had, and then fell into conversation with him about his farm. Everything seemed out of repair, the buildings and fences going to decay, and a fine field of corn on the opposite side of the way was growing apace, but had not been hoed, and was now overtopped by weeds. "Why do you not mend up your fences and your buildings?" they asked. Why, he intended to do it, but had no time. "And why do you not hoe your corn, instead of being here swinging flax on this fine morning?" He answered that he intended to have had his flax "done out" in the winter, but had no time; and now his wife wanted to spin some thread, and for her accommodation he was dressing a little flax. As the man was saying this, leaning over the fence, dripping with perspiration, and with all the clothing which could decently be spared laid aside, Captain Pope, watching his opportunity, drew his riding whip most severely across the man's back as long as he could reach him, exclaiming, "There, you scoundrel! if I ever catch you again swinging flax in June, when you should be hoeing your corn, I'll take your hide off!" They then put spurs to their horses and rode off, leaving the man swearing and stamping with impotent rage.

"There is four shillings for my supper and breakfast, and four shillings for my lodging," said the landlady.

"Yes," returned the stranger, "under ordinary circumstances; but in this case four shillings is not too much."

The stranger departed, and the landlady was deep in conjecture as to what could be the circumstances which required a man to pay double price for his lodging. When her husband returned, he asked—

"Has the man who slept in the front room come down yet?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "and he has gone away. He paid four shillings for his lodging, and said, under the circumstances, it was right."

The landlord rushed up-stairs. His wife followed to learn the meaning of such strange proceedings, and found her husband with the bed-clothes turned down, and her best bed to king more fit to plant potatoes in, than it did for any human being to sleep in.

"You saw that man when he came here last night?"

"Yes."

"You saw his boots, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the landlord, "the scamp slept in 'em!"

A few days after, the traveller, on his return home, put up at the same tavern.

Neither himself nor the landlord said anything about the boots, which were in about the same condition as on the previous occasion; but the landlady looked daggers at him, and eyed his boots with much anxiety. About ten o'clock he said he would retire.

"And, by the way, landlord," he said with a merry twinkle of his eye, "what do you usually charge for lodging?"

"We charge," answered the landlord, with a tremendous emphasis, "two shillings, and we don't allow folks to sleep in bed with their boots on."

"I'm glad to hear it. Show me to my room." And the traveller went to bed.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.—A worthy citizen, standing behind a barricade, during the insurrection of 1848, in Berlin, said to his right-hand file, a tailor—

"Just see how I'll knock that guard-officer over."

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" was the agitated reply, "he owes me three hundred dollars."

As a pendant to this, the *Athenaeum* cites a fact that occurred in Paris after the February revolution. A person whom Sir Robert Peel would probably call a manikin Marat, entered a club, ascended the tribune, and shouted, savagely—

"President, I demand ten thousand heads."

"No, no," a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "I am a hatter."

A HINT.—"Why, Pete, you've got back from Dobbs's early; isn't Ruth to him?" inquired a Yankee girl of her awkward brother, who had been a courting about half an hour before.

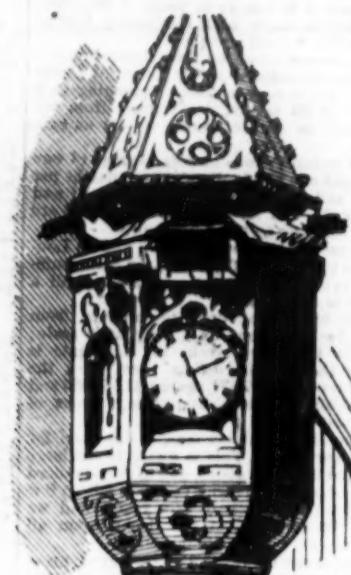
"Yaa, she was that; but I and the old man didn't agree very well, so he gin me a hint . . . I left."

"A hint? pray what sort of a hint?"

"Well, he opened the door and pointed down toward our house, and then kinder raised his right foot so though he was going to kick, and I felt so ashamed of such conduct before Ruth, that I started off without saying another word."

VERY POOR.—A trifling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a huff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being "a poor young man," etc. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I know all about it; but you ish a little too poor—you has neither money nor character."

"Why do you drive such a miserable looking carriage as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a trader to an Irish car driver. "A heavier coat of flesh? By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"



THE PATENT PULPIT.

THE question of over-long sermons has been considerably agitated in England of late—whereupon a correspondent of the *London Punch* calls attention to a PATENT PULPIT, with an "extinguisher," arranged as he supposes to fall gradually by means of machinery, which he says is now being exhibited at the great Exhibition.

REPENTANCE.—A good housekeeper will repair his house while the weather is fair, not put it off till winter; a careful pilot will take advantage of the wind and tide, and put out to sea, not wait till a storm arises. The traveller will take his time on a journey, and mend his pace when night comes on, lest darkness overtake him; the smith will strike while the iron is hot, lest it grow cool, and so he lose his labor; so we ought to make every day the day of repentance; to make use of the present time, so that when we come to die we have nothing to do but to die, for there will be a time when the door will be shut, when the soul becomes conscious that there will be no entrance at all.

"Annie," said an ardent swain of a pretty girl, "do you love your mother?" "Oh, indeed I do" was the answer. "Well, then, will you give me a kiss for her sake?" the lover asked. "No, John, I can't do that; but you may kiss me for your mother's sake." And the young man did.

Now, we do not claim that we have taken the best time to cut our bushes. We state when we did, how we did it, and the result, leaving it for the intelligent agricultural world to draw their own inferences. We think, however, that in winter, if frost favors the object, and there is no snow to obstruct, it is the best time for us, for then it will not interfere with the ordinary duties of farming, and labor is cheaper. Then the bushes being firmly frozen in, every blow of the axe will tell, and there is no mud to annoy the operator. We have some belief that the freezing and thawing over the stumps, and the water that settles over them in spring, has something to do with drowning out these mischievous aquatic shrubs.—*William Bacon, in Country Gentleman and Cultivator.*

WHEN TO CUT BUSHES.

We have no doubt but that late in summer, when the growth of the season is just ended, and the plant has expended all its energies in growing, and is just falling into that rest so essential to vegetable maturity, is an excellent time to beseize these plagues of the farm. But we have tried another season, when the labors of the year were not quite so pressing as is usual in summer or early autumn, and have found it so successful in our case that we hold it worthy of commendation to others.

No answer was made.

"Can't you tell me what he said? Since, can't you remember?"

"Please, thir, he talked and he talked, and he thid at how he loved uth, and he talked—and—and—we all thought he wath a goin' to thay thumthing, but he didn't thay nothing."

This is not quite so unfortunate as the experience of a clergyman in Maine, who was opposed to having any mirth in Sunday School. He thought it injurious to all, and unnecessary for the entertainment of the children. He offered to address the school, and show that they could be well entertained seriously. I am credibly assured that the following dialogue ensued:

"Children, what did Mr. Phony tell you this morning?"

"No answer was made.

"Can any one tell me what he said? Since, can't you remember?"

"Please, thir, he talked and he talked, and he thid at how he loved uth, and he talked—and—and—we all thought he wath a goin' to thay thumthing, but he didn't thay nothing."

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

"Still no reply.

"Can any little boy or girl in the school tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner.

"Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls tell me who Peter was?"

air themselves? Was the firm table on which I rest, the solid floor on which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, and grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this is air.—*English Paper.*

PRESERVING GREEN INDIAN CORN.

Many attempts to preserve Indian corn in a green state have failed. Persons who have had the good fortune to taste the article, when well preserved, out of season, know that it is one of the greatest luxuries the country affords. The *Scientific American* says that a patent was granted, on the 8th of April last, to Isaac Winslow, of Philadelphia, for a method of preparing green corn so as to preserve its natural flavor. The following extract is from the specification:

After a great variety of experiments I have overcome the difficulty of preserving Indian corn in the green state without drying the same, thus retaining the milk and juice and the full flavor of fresh green corn until the latter is desired for use. Instead of a hard, insipid, or otherwise unpalatable article, I have finally succeeded in producing one entirely satisfactory.

I recommend the following method: Select a superior quality of sweet corn in the green state, and remove the grain from the cob by means of a curved and gaged knife, or other suitable means; then pack these grains in cans, and hermetically seal the latter so as to prevent evaporation under heat, or the escape of the aroma of the corn. Now expose these cans of corn to steam, or boiling heat, for about one hour and a half, then puncture the cans and immediately seal the same while hot, and continue the heat for about two hours and a half longer. Afterwards the cans may be slowly cooled in a room at the temperature of 70 deg. to 100 deg. Fahr.

Indian corn thus packed and treated may be warranted to keep in any climate. Being preserved in its natural state, as near as possible, it retains the peculiar sweetness and flavor of corn right from the growing field. It is only necessary to heat this preserved corn, and season the same, in order to prepare it for the table, as it is fully cooked in the process of preserving.

Useful Receipts.

TO STOP BLEEDING ON MAN OR BEAST.

Asa Kemper, Ross county, Ohio, writes to the American Agriculturist that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left four hours, or even days, if necessary. In this manner he saved the